

Hush Now, Quiet Now

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Summary: Hiccup, recovering from his terrible injuries, says some things he doesn't mean to the dragon in his nightmares- determined to scare his demons away, that dragoness, the Deathsong, sets out to learn a new song- the lullaby Hiccup can't help but love. However, she may just get something else in the process... [One-Shot. Set in the 'Reckless or Selfless' AU. Feel the Fluffiness!]

Hush Now, Quiet Now

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\_\*\*How to train you Dragon\*\*\_

\_\*\*A 'Reckless Or Selfless?'  
One-Shot\*\*\_

\*\*Oo-o-oO\*\*

\*\*Oo-oOo-oO\*\*

\*\*Genre: Hurt / Comfort \*\*

\*\*Rating: K+ (sickness, some dark thoughts, nightmare, nothing too serious, although the first scene is a bit 'suggestive' on creepy level)\*\*

\*\*~A cute, fluffy Melody/Hiccup One-Shot, set shortly after 'Reckless Or Selfless?'. Set mid-RttE, season 2.\*\*

\*\*DISCLAIMER: I do not own How to train your Dragon. 'Hush Now, Quiet Now' is from MLP: FiM, and belongs to Hasbro and DHX. I own nothing but me and my fangirliness.\*\*

\*\*Oo-oOo-oO\*\*

\_Hiccup stretched, jumping out of his bed casually, in his hut, warm and safe on Dragon's Edge. Wait... Had his injuries really been that fast healing? Huh. He hadn't really noticed. He stood back, listening for a moment, just to the sound of the birds and their singing...

\_

\_Just the birds' singing. \_

\_He turned around, looking for his faithful Night Fury, Toothless. He frowned, the dragon nowhere to be seen. Usually he would be right beside him, cooing softly when he woke up- lately, he hadn't begged for his routinely flight, due to his very... Mysterious... Injuries. He looked everywhere, finding nothing. \_

\_Concerned, and quite confused, he decided to check the last place he could think of in the current moment- the Clubhouse. \_

\_Stepping outside, his worry increased ten-fold; where was everyone?

\_

\_Where was Dragon's Edge? \_

\_How did he get here? \_

\_Where was here... \_

\_Oh no. \_

\_No. \_

\_NO.\_

\_A gasp of horror escaped him. \_

\_This was the Ice Cavern. \_

\_Horrible, dark memories flooded into his mind, screaming and tearing at his mind. He collapsed, screaming and crying, but they kept coming. \_

\_He heard the sound of hunters- falling ice- the sound of Plasma Blasts and agonised roars- his mind knew just how to torture him.

\_

\_Suddenly, a giant dragon appeared, the Deathsong. \_

\_He screamed in terror, the dragoness nowhere near what he was used to seeing. Instead of the beautiful, kind face he had woken up to see in the last week, he saw one of manicured psychopathy; bathed in blood and gore, eyes wide and bulging, her pupils tiny and slits.\_

\_As confused as he was, he was terrified; hadn't they made friends? Hadn't she been reformed? \_

\_He never got to ask, or even say anything, because a moment later, her face twisted and malformed into a sick grin, as her head launched forward-\_

\_And Hiccup's screams echoed through his room.

It had been a nightmare.

Just...

\_Just \_a nightmare...

He looked up, his gaze meeting that of his dragon's luminous green eyes- jumping back in shock, he breathed in relief when Toothless cooed.

"Oh... It's just... you... Bud..." He whispered, wincing at how cracked and hoarse his voice was.

He coughed into his fist, his throat, and entire body, shaking violently, as his dragon helped him in every way dragon-ly possible.

Gothi had advised him not to move, keeping it at a bare minimum, if at all, as he might rip his stitches out, but after his nightmare, no one could really blame him. A lot of things added up to his current state; sitting up so fast, and tossing around in his messy bed (the covers were, unsurprisingly, on the floor) had definitely impacted him, although he didn't think he had ripped his stitches out... He hoped not. The heir of Berk had a nasty fever, and he knew it- he was sweating profusely, and wanted to do nothing but clear his mind of everything, and throw himself into

Red hot pain was searing through his body, and he was on the edge of tears- the terror, the nightmare, the pain from his recent injuries...

It was just \_too much\_...

Sensing his incoming actions, Toothless brought his upper body onto the bed, pressing his head into Hiccup's chest, just as the adolescent threw himself on the Night Fury, sobbing, crying freely.

"Oh Tooth... less... I'm so scared..." Hiccup said softly, and the dragon licked him gently, just as sad as his rider- if his little one was upset, he was upset- if his rider was angry, he was angry- they shared one another's emotions, and it was rare when they didn't.

Toothless perked up, his ear appendages twitching. Someone was coming. Light footsteps... Human. Oh, and a large dragon... Probably the Deathsong.

He cringed inwardly, this probably wouldn't end well.

The Night Fury looked down on Hiccup, unaware of the late night visitors, still sobbing with a tear-stained face.

The last person- or dragon- Hiccup wanted to see right now was the Deathsong.

The one who haunted his nightmares.

It had been easy the first night- Hiccup had been so drowsy and sleepy from the herbs Gothi had given him for the pain, so he just fell

asleep, safe and sound without a care in the world. But now... He was wide awake.

And if he remembered correctly, Hiccup couldn't have his next dose of sleeping herbs until the following morning.

It was the middle of the night.

Well, that was simply amazing... Typical of fate.

Actually, fate was Hiccup's arch nemesis, wasn't it? Yes, that's what he had said... Or was it Astrid? He couldn't remember. He had more important things on his mind right now.

The door opened, and Toothless gulped. Hel was surely about break loose.

Well, this was just\_ perfect\_...

NOT.

\*\*Oo-oOo-oO\*\*

Hiccup felt down-right awful. There were a lot of reasons for that- Firstly, and foremost, was his actual physical condition.

His fever had only risen higher, and it seemed as if he was constantly sweating, although he felt freezing- although that's what fevers are like, so he didn't question it any more than it was necessary. He was laid in his bed, with two blankets on, a cold rag on his forehead (although It was slowly getting sued out).

Nausea had officially taken over his stomach; he had thrown up about ten times within the last hour. He didn't remember what it was like to actually have something in his stomach. Eating was no use, and they had found that out the hard way... As usual.

The pain was probably the worst- that, or the nausea- as it was everywhere, all the time, and burning like a furious, absolutely raging, erupting super volcano. His side took first prize, though.

As well as that, Gothi said that the chances of infection in his side had just doubled. Which was plain terrifying, if not predictable. The real question in Hiccup's eyes, was why it WOULDN'T get infected. After all, that's what fate does to him- always. Him. Why him? Hiccup feared that he would never know, but a simple 'I don't care, I'm sick and hurt' would satisfy for the time being.

At least his broken leg was alright. It was basically the only thing going well, so he didn't complain about the dull throb he felt in it, less karma bite him in the rear end.

Worst of all, was his mind.

He had yelled bloody murder at the dragon who had done nothing wrong to him.

She couldn't control his nightmares, and he knew that! But yet, he had screamed and cried when the Deathsong came in after his worried

father, cooing, asking if he was alright.

Rather than being happy, or relieved by her presence, he had reacted in the worst way possible.

And now, he couldn't stop thinking about it. How she had cowered, whimpering and squealing, before slowly sulking off, ignoring the concerned roars Skullcrusher, and Gothi's Gronckle gave her. Only now, did he hate his actions, realising how bad they were.

Even more agonising was the fact he wouldn't be out of bed, any time soon, to go apologise. He hoped she hadn't ran away, but if she had, he was sure the others would track her down and bring her back... He just hoped, prayed to all the gods, that she realised it was the nightmare. His stupid, god-damned, idiotic over-reacting, and his nightmare making him defend himself from the old Deathsong, who no longer existed. He hoped she understood that he never meant a single word from one of the worst moments of his life- he wasn't even sure where such cold, heartless words came from...

His father wanted him to sleep.

That made sense.

But he couldn't- even with his father sat by his bed, softly humming to him, he couldn't find rest.

He still closed his eyes, trying not to restlessly moan or move around, for both their sakes.

It was one of his greatest challenges yet, as the agony he was being put through was horrifying, one of the single most traumas he'd ever gone through.

At least he had Toothless.

The Night Fury was laid beside his bed, head rested on his lap to try and help him stay put, while he occasionally got a stroke or scratch from Hiccup's father.

Stoick watched his son moan again, sweaty brow twitching in pain.

He hated this helpless feeling, and he simply knew that Toothless agreed.

He didn't even have to ask or look at the intelligent, amazing, loyal Night Fury he considered a son, to know he felt the same way. But he knew he had to be strong. They had to be strong. For Hiccup.

Oh Valka... He thought mournfully. I wish you were here... I really do.

**\*\*Oo-oOo-oO\*\***

Unaware of the Deathsong watching and listening, Stoick stayed with Hiccup through the night.

She had sneaked in, as soon as Skullcrusher came in to lay down.

The Deathsong was almost certain the big blood-hound of dragons was

aware of the extra presence, but if he did, he didn't say anything.

For this, she was grateful- she did not want to see Stoick's expression if he found out she was eavesdropping. Although she wondered whether or not anger would be his foremost emotion- she knew that if she was in his place, she would be confused as.

Why was she even here? Why did she stay? Why wasn't she angry at him...?

Those were the three questions on her mind, and no matter what she theorised, she just couldn't find a answer that fitted.

Maybe it was because she didn't blame him. She was guilty, in all rights. She was a monster- a big, cannibalistic monster. He had all rights to fear her, have nightmares of her. She didn't want him to fear her, but she also didn't know how to make it stop.

So now she just stayed in her place, hiding in the shadows. She was honestly shocked, by the fact they had been yet to notice her. She was huge, and her hiding skills were downright horrible, so...

A thought struck her.

Maybe they did know.

Maybe they were fully aware of her presence in this room, and just didn't say anything.

Why they would do that, she hadn't the slightest clue, but it would have to do for now. She looked down at her tail, the dragon's world spinning faster than she could fly.

The dragoness sighed, about to leave, when she heard Stoick start humming, and she slowly sat back down, her interest now peaked- what was he doing? The large hunk of a man was softly saying words, some of them rhyming, in a voice that seemed unlike the viking he was.

The words flowed in a way that amazed her; they just came out so smoothly, melodious and gentle.

She had no idea what it was, but whatever the words formed, Hiccup seemed to like it. Love it, even. It wasn't long before he stopped thrashing, as if he was the calm after the storm. He fell asleep not long after, his chest rising up and down peacefully. That had to be the first time she had seen him so calm and peaceful, and she froze, realising she was made happy by that.

She was made happy...

She was happy from seeing him so peaceful and calm.

Her mind was racing, wondering how this had all happened. Only a week ago, she had been thinking of her next kill, only feeling anger, hunger. Now...

Now she was happy. She loved this boy, his dragon; she loved.

Love.

She\_ loved\_ them.

A concept her friends had tried to teach her, and had failed to do so. They had told her there was only so much they could do, because it was an emotion 'only she could feel' and not be taught.

The Deathsong hadn't understood it then, but now, she did, and she knew it well. It swarmed her mind, filling her heart with the strange new emotion. She had no idea if this was how she should feel, the dragoness just knew she did.

Slowly creeping out the building, all the while withholding her excitement, and desire to do nothing but bounce for joy, she slipped out the building, taking off into the night.

As soon as the dragon was out of ear-shot, she roared her excitement.

Meanwhile, back In the Outpost leader's hut, Stoick, Skullcrusher and Toothless stared at the door, where the Deathsong had just departed. They shared a knowing look, before smiling.

Looks like the Deathsong was finally coming around.

\*\*Oo-oOo-oO\*\*

\_Ok... I can do this. \_

The Deathsong shivered, the night was cold; the winds bit at her scales, the occasional gust of wind tugging at her wings and threatening to make her lose balance.

It was the middle of the night, the stars above shining bright, the moon illuminating the sky.

She stood upon a far cliff, overlooking the ocean. The perfect spot to do this (actually, there were better, but she didn't like them), and try out her skills.

The dragoness started with a high note, immediately wincing at how high it was. She pressed on, shaking it off; she needed to get the grasp of it first, find the rhythm. She made the necessary noises made for the first part, while going over the words of the 'song' in her head.

\_Hush now, quiet n-\_

She shook her head. No, that was way too sharp. When his father had sung it, it had been soft, quiet, calm, and gentle.

Not upbeat, \_scree\_-ish and loud.

Taking a deep breath, she tried to make single sounds; she began with a lower pitch, made by slightly holding her breath, which was honestly quite loud, too, but it was close enough. She tried a softer tone- it worked.

Wow. She never knew she could make these noises, she had only ever used the high frequency that attracted dragons... Wait, was she attracting dragons \_right now\_?

She looked around. She didn't see any dragons flying lop-sidedly to her, eyes zombie-like and in a trance. Pushing those thoughts away, she decided it would be best to focus on what she was doing- if something happened, she'd deal with it later.

Finally, she mustered up about five different notes, which were soft and quiet, just how she needed them.

By the time she had done that, the sky was lighting up, the sun rising in the east.

She didn't care, ignoring it. She had more important things to tend to right now. Besides. Who needs sleep, any way?

The dragoness sucked in a breath of cool morning air- attempt two.

\_Hush now, quiet now\_...

The words played along in her mind, as she kept going, making sure to rise the tone when Stoick had.

\_It's time to lay your sleepy head\_...

She paused. The song sounded some-what depressing. Should she go faster...? But would it then be too upbeat... Could she go through the song twice, in one singing, but slightly faster? Yes, that would work. She continued.

\_Hush now, quiet now. \_

\_It's time to go to bed...\_

She hummed in satisfaction, before running through the whole thing.

\_Hush now, quiet now.\_

\_It's time to lay your sleepy head...\_

\_Hush now, quiet now, \_

\_It's time to go to bed...\_

Repeating the lyrics in the same pacing, she made a few tweaks, and then determined it was finished.

She roared in triumph, repeating it over and over to burn it into her mind...

The Deathsong just hoped he liked it. She had tried so \_hard\_, and he loved it alone when she tried, \_so... He \_would\_ like it, right...?

\_Well, there's only one way to find out\_. She thought with a sigh.



Perking up at the thought of seeing his happy face, she trilled as she took flight, loop-de-looping in the air before soaring towards Dragon's Edge.

**\*\*Oo-oOo-oO\*\***

"Stoick? Stoick... Get up." Gobber groaned, inhaling. Please don't wake up, Hiccup. He thought. "STOICK!"

The chief bolted upwards, eyes wide as he drew his axe. "'Ey, can you... Put the axe away, chief?" Gobber asked, carefully pushing the axe off of where it hovered over his neck. Stoick nervously chuckled, looking down at his still asleep son. He turned to the viking.

"Gobber? Is there something wrong? It's the middle of the night...!" He asked, quickly checking his son's temperature, which had dropped slightly. That was a relief.

"Eh, some wild dragons goin' crazy. The riders wanted you ove' there."

Stoick inwardly groaned. He looked down at his only child, hesitant. "He'll be fine, Stoick. Toothless will take care of 'im." Gobber said reassuringly.

The Chief slowly nodded, kissing Hiccup's forehead before standing and walking over to the Night Fury. "Take care of him, Toothless... Anything happens, don't hesitate to get me, alright?" He whispered, and the Night Fury nodded, before he pressed his snout into Stoick's hand in a show of trust. Exiting with the Blacksmith, he left, his Rumblehorn, Skullcrusher, closely following.

Alone, Toothless curled back up against Hiccup's bed, switching his attention between Hiccup and the door.

He kept passing worried glances to his rider, concerned. His human kept tossing and turning, sweating and moaning, restless. He tried his best, although he couldn't keep the wet rag on his head to stay there. He dumped it into the bucket of water, leaving it.

An hour passed, and he was certain his Hiccup had gotten worse.

Determined, he gave his rider a soft nudge of affection, before running out the room to fetch someone- whether it was Gothi, Stoick, even Astrid or Fishlegs- someone to confirm his claims.

He was worried for his precious rider, then again, at this stage, he was always worried for him. Reckless, selfless idiot... A well-loved idiot, but a feather-brained viking, none the less. The thought actually had him run faster.

He didn't expect anyone to sneak in to his rider's hut while he was gone- and definitely not the Deathsong.

She stepped inside, cringing when the floorboards creaked under her weight.

The fins that made up her ears suddenly perked up, hearing a faint

moan from the rider. She immediately slithered over, cooing. He was waking up. Oh Thor. She had not come prepared.

**\*\*Oo-oOo-oO\*\***

Hiccup whimpered, eyes flying open... To find himself in... His room? Alone? Where was his Dad? Toothless?

He was in a cold sweat, still panting from the nightmare he had just experienced.

Something cold and scaly nuzzled his elbow, and he moaned. He was lying on his side, which made trying to look over his shoulder a near impossible task. His head flopped onto the bed, giving up. "Bud...?" He asked quietly, coughing.

A coo answered him, but it didn't belong to the Night Fury. Rather, the one dragon he had been wanting, but dreading, to see again; the Deathsong.

"Uh...Um..." He searched his aching, foggy brain for words. He coughed again.

He eventually managed to roll over, mustering up the courage to face the huge dragoness.

She didn't appear angry, unlike he had suspected. In fact, she didn't even look that upset. Her pupils were wide and dilated, but it looked more out of pity and concern than anything. She cooed again, nudging his limp arm helplessly. "...Ye... Yeah... Wha... What is i-" He coughed again, turning his head away so he didn't cough in her face.

The dragoness whimpered, nudging him again. Part of him wanted to yell at her, but he knew better- it wasn't her fault she was downright terrifying in his nightmares. She had changed now. He knew better, and wasn't about to let awful events replay.

He took a deep breath. "I'm sorry..." He whispered hoarsely, tears stinging in the corners of his emerald eyes. "...Can you-" He coughed, "-Ever.. forgive me...?"

She dipped her head, cooing, almost in a amused way, as if saying 'I already did!'. He smiled gratefully, weakly reaching up to embrace her large, scaly head. "Thank you..." Hiccup said softly, as she squeaked, her own emotions clearly taking over.

He almost laughed- the lethal, deadly Deathsong nearly crying, squeaking and whimpering.

She suddenly pulled back, and his mood dampened; was she leaving? He wanted her to stay... His voice was now at the stage where he couldn't speak, and he silently cried out for her.

It turned out she wasn't leaving, and after a moment, he found out why she had moved.

The dragoness nervously shook herself, this was the moment of truth. Quickly, she revised it in her mind, nodding to reassure herself.

Sitting in a comfortable position, she purred, before taking a deep breath.

Hiccup's eyes slightly widened, as she started singing, but not the one she used to lure in prey; no, this was a lot, as in, a LOT calmer and gentler.

He wasn't even aware she could make such notes until now, but he soon came to realise what she was singing- his lullaby. The one his father had sung him last night, the one his mother had used to lull him to sleep when he was a baby.

To the Deathsong's relief, it did just what she wanted- soon, after her second round singing it, he was fast asleep, peacefully sleeping. She hummed, nuzzling him.

Deciding to make herself comfortable, she rested her fore-legs on the bed, bringing her long neck around the front of the bed, over the pillow, and around so her head rested beside his right arm. She closed her eyes. Just as she thought he was asleep, his eyes slightly lifted, and he murmured the three words that would change her life forever.

"..Good night..." He yawned. "...Melody..."

The Deathsong smiled; Melody. He liked that name... And so did she... Which was why she would wear it proudly from that day onward.

**\*\*Oo-oOo-oO\*\***

Toothless, followed closely by Stoick and Gobber, rushed into Hiccup's room, and immediately stopped.

Hiccup was fast asleep, snoring extremely quietly as he always did, peaceful. His head snuggled into the Deathsong's long neck, her head close to his arm and chest, as she too slept quietly and peacefully.

Their faces broke into grins.

**\*\*Oo-oOo-oO\*\***

**\*\*'Hush Now, Quiet Now'\*\***

**\*\*A 'Reckless or Selfless?' One-Shot \*\***

**\*\*Oo-oOo-oO\*\***

**\*\*(A/N) Author's Note:\*\***

**\*\*It's finally finished! And boy, I think this has got to be my personal favourite One-Shot by me so far! \*\***

**\*\*When I first got the concept down, I was downright stuck. I had no idea how to handle this. But, then I just got an inspiration boost, mega style. Didn't even write the draft in my One-Shot book. Just this process; \*\***

**\*\*Inspiration boost No draft Get it on the damn laptop BAM Done and**

satisfied.\*\*

\*\*Well, I hoped you enjoyed this One-Shot of Hiccupy whump, regrets and apologies, and fluffiness! I love you all! Now I need to figure out what the summary should be... Dammit.\*\*

\*\*CUTENESS OVERLOAD!\*\*

\*\*~Crystallion12.\*\*

End  
file.